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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume LI. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1901. Number 52

Through Endless Years.

THROUGH storm and sun the age draws on
When heaven and earth shall meet,
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of his feet.
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
The flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same through endless years,
And His word shall stand forever.

What of the night, O watchman,
Set to mark the dawn of day?
The wind blows fair from the morning star,
And the shadows flee away.
Dark are the vales, but the mountains glow
As the light its splendor flings,
And the Sun of Righteousness comes up
With healing in his wings.

Shine on, shine on, O blessed sun,
Through all the round of heaven,
Till the darkest vale and the farthest isle
Full to thy light are given—
Till the desert and the wilderness
As Sharon's plain shall be,
And the love of the Lord shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea."

—*W. Robertson Nicoll.*

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Of all trees, I observe, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading palm, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject shrub; as if he would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man.—Owen Feltham.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, December 26, 1901.

A New Year Wish.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the day;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New wine in the chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from his treasures, new smiles from His face;
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of his countenance, full and unpriced—
All this be the joy of thy new year in Christ!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Service, the Law of Life.

In the words "follow me" Jesus of Nazareth summoned men and women to be about the Father's business as he was about that business. In the beginning of his ministry two of the disciples of John the Baptist had him abiding with them one day, and, inspired by his words and presence, they went out soon after others to bring them unto him, that they, too, might have the joy of his companionship.

When, later, the words "follow me" had come to them as they were mending their nets by the sea-side, the call was to be fishers of men. And all along through those years of training, when Christ had the disciples with him as he went here and there through Palestine, was he teaching them that he had not called any of them for the sake of that one alone, but that he had said "Come" in order that he might also say, "Go."

Today, as in the past, Christ says "Come" in order that he may also say "Go." The good tidings of great joy which the angels announced as coming through him were for all peoples. It is only through human instruments that his Kingdom can advance in the world, and so his call is ever a call to service. We are fishers of men not only when we bring men into a first acquaintance with Christ, but when in any way and by any means we bring them into higher, holier living.

Once, when Thomas a Kempis was asked to name the passage of Scripture conveying the sweetest description of heaven, he said, "And his servants shall serve him." The gladness of life comes always through service. It is so here, and it will be so hereafter. We are told that Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And the record of his life shows that it was one of continuous service. It was impossible for Christ to live selfishly. If he had lived a selfish life he could not have been the Savior of the world. Only by the laying down of his life, all the way from Bethlehem to Calvary, was it possible for him to bring sinful souls into reconciliation with God. During the days of the incarnation, when in lowly service the feet of the God-man trod the hills and valleys of Palestine, the world was being taught what was the law of life. The One who was the Way, the Truth and the Life—the giver and sustainer of life—taught by word and deed that he who selfishly used his life was sure to lose it, and that he who gave it in ministry for others was sure to save it.

The legend of the monk who had a vision of Christ at the very time when the hungry poor were waiting at the convent gate to be fed illustrates beautifully the blessings which come to those who sacrificingly go on in the path of duty. "Should he go or should he stay? Should he leave the poor to wait, hungry, at the convent gate?" He went. He ministered to the needy there at his gate, and when he returned his cell was flooded with Elysian light, and he heard, as if from real lips, the words—

"Do thy duty; that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

Service Crowns.

The Apostle Paul tells of the exaltation of Jesus in the words, "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him and given him the name which is above every name."

It was because of his service that Jesus was exalted and crowned. Although equal with God, he thought it a thing not to be highly prized, certainly not to be grasped after, but humbled, or emptied himself; and coming to earth in the likeness of man, became obedient unto the death of the cross.

It was an incomparable service. The world had never witnessed anything like it. Nor will it ever in the years of the future witness anything worthy to rank alongside it. Men and women can only approximate to that self-sacrifice, on the part of the eternal Son of God.

Although such sublime self-sacrifice is never to be reached by finite beings, it is possible for them to pattern after it; and they do pattern after it; and for such noble endeavor all shall be crowned—if not here, then hereafter.

It was service that exalted and crowned George Washington, that made him first in the hearts of his

country-men. It was no selfish motive that led Washington to endure what he did endure during those trying years of our Revolutionary struggle. He was a true patriot, and fought only for his country's good. When, at the close of that great struggle, men of influence went to him and proposed that a monarchy be set up here in America and that he be crowned as king, the very suggestion wounded him to the heart, and with tears in his eyes he enquired of them if they really thought that it was for any such thing as that that he had endured the hardships and encountered the perils of those years of war.

Abraham Lincoln has high place today in the hearts of the American people because he was ever a servant of the people. Lincoln lived not for self, but for humanity and for God.

Ulysses S. Grant stands on the list of our immortals, because in the midst of criticism and obloquy he thought not of Grant, but of the end that ought to be accomplished; and doggedly, silently hammered away in every position to which he was called during our Civil War, and finally at Appomattox hammered the life out of secession.

Read the list of men and women held in honor today the world around, and it will be found that without exception they have been persons who thought more on the things of others than on the things of self—whose mission in life was to serve.

It is worthy of note that it was God, and not man, who highly exalted and crowned Jesus of Nazareth. Many men and women crown him today; but not many crowned him nineteen hundred years ago. So, man's highest exaltation is to come from God. In its fullness it is to be hereafter. Crowns do not rest always where they should rest in this life. The coronation of service is often delayed, sometimes almost denied, here; but it shall not be so hereafter.

As the readers of The Pacific stand on the threshold of a new year we can wish them no better wish than that more and more as the days and years roll on there may be in them that mind—that spirit—which was in Christ Jesus.

"Our lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves in the whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved, and forever."

The Presence of the Spirit.

All that has been accomplished in the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ in the world since he went back to the Father has been through the enduement and influence of the Holy Spirit. Christ said before his departure that he would send the Spirit. He came on the day of Pentecost, and since that day has never for an instant been absent from the world.

The descent of the Holy Spirit marked the opening of a new era in human history. Before this time the Spirit had visited the earth only temporarily and sporadically, to enlighten those favored persons who were the bearers of the revelations of God before the coming of the Son. But at Pentecost the Spirit came for permanent abode, "to reside and work in the community of believers as the principle of divine light and life, to apply more deeply and extensively to the souls of men the redemption objectively wrought by Christ." The gift of the Spirit qualified the disciples to witness effectively for Christ. From the time when the Spirit came upon them they had neither hesitancy nor fear. The truth, as it had come to them from their Lord, was proclaimed with great boldness, and his kingdom constantly gained ground in the world.

When, a little later, the apostle to the Gentiles had been added to the number of the disciples, it was by the leadings of the Spirit and strengthened by the Spirit that he worked so grandly for the upbuilding of the kingdom. It was by the Spirit that he went on that journey toward Jerusalem, which was to lead him as a prisoner on to the imperial city. Inspired and strengthened and comforted in the divine way while he was chained to his guards, the apostolic prisoner told the story of the cross at every opportunity, and thus sent the gospel truth out along the great military and commercial highways to the remotest bounds of the known world.

When Christ was about to ascend to the Father, he said to the disciples, "Go ye and disciple all nations; * * and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." Those words were not meant for the early disciples alone; they were for his followers in every age of the world. It was through the Spirit that he was to be with them.

Christians of today need not pray for the coming of the Spirit; they should pray for a fuller baptism of the Spirit, for his entrance so fully into their hearts and lives that the zeal which characterized the early disciples after Pentecost may characterize them. So shall their lives count grandly for the kingdom of Christ.

"O Spirit, Stream, that by the Son
Is opened to us crystal pure,
Forthflowing from the heavenly throne
To waiting hearts and spirits poor,
Athirst and weary do I sink
Beside thy waters, there to drink.

"My spirit turns to thee and clings,
All else forsaking, unto thee,
Forgetting all created things,
Remembering only *God in me.*
O Living Stream, O Gracious Rain,
None wait for thee, and wait in vain!"

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation!" The admonition is as needful in the beginning of the twentieth century as it was in the first century.

Persons who wait to do a great deal of good at once are in danger of never doing any good. Whatever your talent is, use it, and use it now.

The mission of some people in the world seems to be nearly all omission, so far at least as real true living goes.

Notes.

Next week The Pacific will publish an article entitled "Chinese Exclusion from the Standpoint of a Christian Chinese." It is from the pen of the Rev. Jee Gam. It will be found well worth a careful reading.

A Pasadena lady who has admired very much the selections on the cover page of The Pacific during the last year has arranged many of them in a little book, which has gone as a Christmas greeting to a friend in the East.

Next Monday Rev. H. H. Wikoff will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity concerning some desirable changes in practical Congregationalism: 1st, In the local church; 2d, In local fellowship; 3d, In national fellowship.

A pastor who estimates the value of a religious paper to himself by the number of articles or passages marked for future use says that he marked more in the last issue of The Pacific than in any other paper at any time during his ministry of nearly ten years.

The Pacific goes to press this week a day earlier than usual on account of the Christmas holiday. Church news received on Tuesday will be published next week. If possible the paper will be printed a day earlier next week. Only by such an arrangement can we make it reach all our Coast subscribers before Sunday.

In reviewing the history of the New York Tabernacle, the New York Observer speaks of its present pastor, Dr. Jefferson, as follows: "Its pastor became a Christian under the influence and personal friendship of Phillips Brooks, and is not unlike him in the breadth of his mind, the poetic beauty of his writings and in the intensity of his preaching."

In an article in the Mission News of Yokohama, Japan, Mr. Galen M. Fisher states that Mr. John R. Mott attributes his unbroken success in Japan to a world-wide league of prayer. Before going abroad Mr. Mott enlisted tried friends in every land to pray for him in the work he had undertaken. And in Japan, it is said that great stress was laid upon prayer by the issuance of English and Japanese prayer cards.

When the American Board closed the year at its meeting in Hartford without debt it was thought by some that an increase could at once be made in the appropriations. Some of the missionaries have written expectantly in view of this satisfactory condition of the finances. But it was with hesitation that some members of the committee ventured to vote as much as was voted last year. No such sum will be realized from annuities as was realized last year, and the special appeal which went out last year can hardly be sent out again this year. Not only should the Board come to the end of another year without debt, but there should be such an advance over last year as will make it possible for the committee to venture to vote increased appropriations for another year. The needs of the fields demand an increase. Let our churches on the Coast think on these things. The command of the Master sounds down the centuries, "Go ye and disciple all nations."

An effort is being made to secure a separate building for the religious exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1903. It is said, and rightly, too, by those advocating this that religion has done as much for the advancement of civilization in the Louisiana territory during the past one hundred years as education has done. Two large buildings will be provided for the educational exhibit. A member of the World's Fair Committe, who is in favor of providing a separate building for the religious exhibit says: "As far as I am concerned personally, I do not hesitate to commit myself unequivocally in favor of the petition, recognizing the fact that the coming glory of the World's Fair in 1903 should not only be an exhibit of the material triumphs, industrial achievements and mechanical victories of man, however magnificent that display may be, but something higher and nobler is also demanded by the progressive spirit of the age. It would be proper to consider the foundations of religious faiths, to review the triumphs of religion in all ages, to set forth the present state of religion among the nations and its influence over literature, art, commerce, government and family life; to indicate its power in promoting social purity and its harmony with true science, to show its dominance in the higher institutions of learning, to make prominent the value of the weekly rest-day on religious and other ground, and to contribute to those forces which will bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service of man."

The celebration of Forefathers' Day by the San Francisco Congregational Club Monday night of this week was *par excellence* the event of the year in Congregational circles hereabouts. Professor C. S. Nash, the President of the Club, said in his address of greeting and welcome that the men remembered on that occasion were worthy to stand out in the light of the centuries, and to think on their lives and achievement was to start an inspiration which would bring into our lives something more akin to the divine. As descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans, our faces ought ever, he said, to be toward the future, ready for the greater things to dawn upon us. The address of the evening was by Dr. Benjamin E. Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. It was a rap at the croakers; and a vigorous one, too. It was full of optimism—an inspiration to all who heard it to go forth and with fresh courage put their shoulders to the wheels of progress and to have part in bringing the nation to its grand destiny. The body politic, it was said, is ill, but it is not a corpse. Evils appear to exist that do not in reality exist. The God of Naseby and Marston Moor is not dead. Let us have patience with ourselves. Often in the past many things thought to be disastrous to a nation have turned out to be blessings. Great Britain was stronger today because of the American Revolution than she ever could have been without it. The course of our Government, in dealing with those remote peoples who had come recently under its control, was approved. Even actual imperialism it was not thought would be fatal either to us or to them. "If you cannot trust the American people to look after liberty, then there is no hope for the government, extended or unextended." As to trusts, it was said that there is nothing in them to make a thoughtful patriot leap from the ship. Such correctives would be applied from time to time as would eventually make syndicated industries minister to the advantage of all. A beautiful tribute was paid to President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and the Hon. Seth Low. It was said of them that they went into all the dirt of politics without getting dirty, and that they went in to stay. Of Seth Low, Dr. Andrews said: "The finest specimen of man in American political life today." The singing of some of our national hymns by the Knickerbocker Quartet at the close of this inspiring address added to the uplift of the occasion. All this we write hurriedly, just as The Pacific is about to go to press. On one of the last pages some interesting impressions are given by the Rev. William Rader.

New Consecration—The Call of the New Year.

By J. K. McLean, D.D.

It is unfortunate for both the Old Year and the New that they should be fated to make their annual round so closely in company; for, through the light which is cast upon it by its fellow, the true complexion of each is so changed as to make it difficult for the ordinary person to have due sense of either. Impossible is it for the Old Year, hand-clasped as he is with the New, to maintain in the forelight of his brother's rank gladness that full solemnity which befits the closing scene; nor, upon the other hand, can the new-comer unreservedly surrender himself to that hilarity which would be natural and proper to him were the case other than it is with his out-going predecessor. The requiem note and cradle song mingle, gladness and sadness unite in broken harmony. When, therefore, in a way so gracious as to forestall denial, one is solicited to "write something for The Pacific appropriate for the closing of the old year or the opening of the new year," he is set upon searching out matter which may fitly enter into the two moods. I have thought I should not likely go far astray under the caption set above—"The New Year's Call to the New Consecration."

Consecration, if it be true and sane, though among the most lofty of all aspirations, is not a thing to be accounted in any degree grievous; but while serious it is wholly joyous, and so fits into the pensiveness of the old and the gladness of the new. Being a measure of self-discipline, coming from within, freely chosen and freely welcomed, it radically differs from those disciplinary measures sent upon us from without. Such may well seem, in our experience of them, to be not joyous, but grievous; but not this, for this is perfective in its nature and intent, not corrective. Both in its after-fruit and up-springing also, it is "peaceable" to him who exercises himself therein. It is well to note those two expressions: in the one case, by our own option, we "exercise ourselves therein," and that is joy; in the other case, against our own option, we "are exercised thereby," and this is grief. But, thank God, the normal call of the new year is not to this, but to that—and may loyal response forestall tribulation.

New consecration does not discredit any or all previous consecrations, nor in the least reflect upon them as having been spurious or mistaken, or even for the time incomplete. But quite to the contrary, new forth-puttings of spiritual aspiration and accomplishment are like those of nature in each returning spring; which do not discount nor seek to displace those which have gone before, but expressly recognize them, which indeed are made possible by them and are based upon them. The tree's new year aspiration stops at nothing less than to make the whole tree, in every way, a greater and nobler tree; taller, wider, comelier; with more leaves, more blossoms, more fragrance, more fruit; and in doing so it simply extends the result of years foregone. It is in harmony with all vital progress that the soul sings—

> "Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul;
> As the swift season's roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast."

It is not to be lost sight of, however, that there is a natural tendency in all forms of life, and even in some inanimate substances, toward a lowering of tone. The piano, organ, violin, every form of musical instrument, succumbs in degree to the relaxing influence of atmosphere and use. Constantly in the less degree, periodically in the larger, the delicate mechanism of these instruments requires toning up. Particularly do all vital substances and organizations appear to fall under the law of constant relaxation and periodical reinforcement. Our bodily strength, though refreshed by daily food and sleep, still demands the seventh day's larger restorative; and for its best estate must be allowed annually a prolonged season of reinvigoration. Our yearly milestone may well remind us, therefore, that although we have been diligent in the ordinary means of grace, a general overhauling of our spiritual mechanism, as the old year goes and the new year comes, will contribute not a little to our highest success in the new allotment of time. "High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service."

But the main thing is that the very progressiveness of life summons us to an equally progressive consecration of life. The stream of life broadens as it flows. New affluents of experience are continually widening, deepening and swelling the volume of it; new attainments are made, new capacities acquired, new powers developed, new standings gained. The Christian man's life ought to be an altogether different thing at the end of the year from what it was at the beginning, and must be if he has led it christianly. Says Phillips Brooks: "Not merely I shall grow so that I shall be able to understand vastly more of what God is, and of what he is doing. God also will be ever doing new things. He is forever active. He has purposes concerning me which he has not yet unfolded. Therefore each year grows sacred with wondering expectation. Therefore I and the world may go forth from each old year into the new which follows it, certain that in that year God will have for us some new treatment which will open for us some novel life." All true. Very well, then, let our lamps of life be new-trimmed, new-filled, and new-lighted at the very flame of God's own altar, that we may be able to go in with Him to these new disclosures; let our loins be girt about with new consecration, that we may be able to rise up and follow him to those new heights of life.

But let us not be mistaken as to what is involved in a new consecration for the new year. I know no better definition for it than that in First Chronicles, twenty-ninth and fifth; where David, about to go out—as the old year now is going—turns over to Solomon, the king to follow him—as our new year is following the old—the great charge of building the temple of Jehovah. Having placed in his son's hand the pattern of the splendid structure, and having rehearsed before the people the vast accumulation of resources that he had gathered for its erection, he turns sharply upon them in their "wondering expectation" with the demand, "And who is then willing to consecrate his service—or, as in the margin, 'fill his hand'—this day unto the Lord?" King David asks the people, not for their approval, nor their acclamation, nor for any ecstasy of joy over the approaching splendor of the kingdom, nor any high contemplation of the personal advantage which may accrue to themselves therefrom, but for a much more important, though prosaic thing—a consecration of their service, a filling of every man's hand unto the Lord. Our past consecrations may indeed have been faulty in that we filled our thought only, or our words only, or our feeling only, or (worst of all) our professions only, unto the Lord. The true consecration for temple-builders—which, if we are Christians, we all are—is of our thought, of our word, of our feeling, and of our hand, also; of service acknowledged, service promised, service intended; but chief of all, service rendered.

I greatly like this old-time sense of consecration. I believe it to be truer than any other. It is the one for which the world is waiting. I wish it could prevail all along our lines, especially in the training lines of our

Christian Endeavor—that it could make Christian Endeavor, capitalized, mean just the same as christian endeavor uncapitalized. The hand filled unto the Lord: not with money, necessarily, for money is only an equivalent for service, not the service itself; but with deeds of enterprise of every sort, which have for their object, either directly or indirectly, the extension of the kingdom of God on earth, and the prevalence of his will here in all the fullness and gladness with which it already prevails in heaven; a devotion to the honor of God in the betterment of man up to God's standard for him—that is the end to which both the outgoing and the incoming year are beckoning. "Clean hands" are not enough. The hand empty of good is better, if it be clean, than the hand soiled with evil; but only a degree better. It is not yet as God wants it. The divine voice is forever, at our new epochs of time or of personal history, demanding, "And who then is willing to fill his hand this day unto the Lord?"

Preparation for Life's Best

(A Christmas sermon by R. C. Brooks, pastor Pilgrim church, Oakland.)

"And there was no room for them in the inn."

A few days ago I read a child's definition of God, and not anywhere else have I seen or heard a better one. "God is Somebody we think about and want to be like," said the child. Certainly we do think about him. The oft-repeated attempts of atheism to persuade men that it is useless to think about God have only succeeded in putting an end to atheism itself as a theory. As Goethe said, "Men are as sure of God as of their own existence," and in spite of all protests they will continue to think about him. It is fair to suppose that back of the poem there is a poet and back of the painting is a painter, and back of the cathedral is an architect—men will continue to think that back of all is the infinite God.

And the thought awakens desire—the desire to know this invisible Someone, who is greater and wiser and better than we are; the desire to know him that we may become like him, because he is better and wiser than we.

Not that we can know God completely or even know much about him, but we can know in part. One bunch of grapes is enough to test the vineyard. One cup of water is enough to make evident the nature of all the water in ocean, lake and spring. One thought, keyed to righteousness, makes clear the nature of the infinite Righteousness. Through our life of love the heart of infinite love is seen.

Now, the Christmas season upon which we are entering and for which we need to prepare ourselves, lest we fail to receive its greatest gift—for no man can receive that for which he is not prepared—has at the heart of it this message for men: that this same Someone, infinite and invisible, wants that men should know him, that they may become like him. And so the Great Spirit, whose might had been seen in all physical phenomena, but only dimly understood, and whose presence had been felt in all human history, at length finds one life prepared for him, and he comes to dwell in the Babe of Bethlehem, in the boy of Nazareth, in the man of Galilee and in the Christ of Calvary, filling him so full of himself that there was in him no self-seeking or self-will, but only purity, truth and love. Men seeing such life manifested, and feeling themselves rebuked by it, come to know who God is and what man may become.

He, for whom men have always been seeking in their philosophies and sciences—he has been seeking men, and at length discloses himself in one transparently pure, unselfish life.

Why was this revelation so long delayed? Why is it still delayed to such a multitude of men? Because no man can learn that for which he is not prepared. The chemist may tell his most precious secrets to the gardener and the gardener be none the wiser. The great artist paints his picture only to realize that not one person in a thousand cares to cross the threshold to look upon it. Only those who love the beautiful can understand him. The reformer breaks his heart because his message falls on deaf ears. He cannot awaken men to see the iniquity he sees so clearly. Read the tragedy of John Howard when, to his overwhelming sorrow, he could not awaken people to see the suffering of those in prison.

Read the pathetic words of Jesus as he wept over his own city: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Recall the experience of Helen Keller: For six years a spirit entombed in flesh; blind, deaf, dumb; no gateway open between the spirit within and the world without, until a teacher of infinite patience and unfailing love took the child to her heart. Eagerly she watched for every sign of hunger that she might minister to it; for every need of comfort that she might take the little prisoner in her arms and to her heart. At length, through the unfailing ministry of love, the way was found to the imprisoned spirit and the soul was awakened.

Even so, the All-Father, from the beginning, has been brooding over humanity, seeking in ten thousand ways to disclose himself, but he could not be seen until the spirit was made ready to receive him. When one life was ready, then "we beheld his blory—glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

This message lies at the heart of the Christmas time. God can live in a human life. God waits to dwell in every life that we may all become the Sons of God. God enters in wherever a life is prepared to receive him.

I have chosen for our text this incident from the first Christmas time because it suggests that of which I have been speaking, the need of preparation for receiving life's best—"there was no room in the inn." Customs change very slowly in the land where the Master was born. Travelers from the Holy Land say that the Eastern inn is still much what it was centuries ago—"simply a great enclosure, into which people and cattle and merchandise are all gathered for the night; offering the weary and dusty traveler the protection of walls and a roof, water to drink and food for himself and for his beast, and but little more than this." We cannot easily imagine, accustomed as we are to an altogether different life, the primitive simplicity and yet the genuine hospitality which is offered to the travelers there.

The inn was full on that first Christmas night—full of camp-fires, of men trading and women cooking and children playing and camels and donkeys and dogs resting in some cool spot; and when this humble family from Galilee came toward evening they found themselves crowded out of the best places and obliged to take refuge among the cattle in the stalls.

Tradition declares that this stable was one of the countless natural caves in the hillside against which the inn was built, such a cave as is even yet used for shelter from the burning heat, and travelers to the village of Bethlehem are shown by lantern light a great gold star set in the pavement, which is supposed to mark the spot where the child Jesus was born. Now, where the stable used to be, stands a great church, and under the church is

the cave, all glitering with jewels and the adoring love of the world turns toward that family who then found no room in the inn.

He who was spurned by power and spit upon by the rabble and forsaken by his friends; he who was crowded out of the best places by the world into which he came —crowded out because it was too much occupied by things of little concern to make room for him—he has become the Master of men—the one whom multitudes fondly call their Lord. Setting forth from Bethlehem, the religion of Jesus has journeyed over continent after continent, finding its way into millions of hearts, rebuking their coarseness and vice, and stealing away their sorrow and sin. Wherever it has gone, laws have become more just, rulers more humane, music sweeter, books wiser, homes happier, hearts nobler and more gentle. Indeed, the time seems not far distant when humanity will own but one Lord and will empty at his feet all its songs and prayers.

See the place the world has made for Christ. All the great poets of our age—Lowell and Longfellow, Whittier and Browning, unite with Tennyson in saying—

"Thou seemest human and divine
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
Our wills are ours we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

By common consent, Ruskin will be voted first place among the prose writers of the last century; but Ruskin said his life had been devoted, not to the study of the beautiful in flower and face, but to an interpretation of the truth and beauty of Jesus Christ.

By common consent Gladstone will be counted the sublimest figure among the statesmen of the century out of which we have so recently come. Is there not something pathetic in the fact that the last years of his life were devoted to a fresh study of the teachings of Jesus, for, said he, "I desire to weave a wreath for him whose name is secure."

Handel taxes himself for music sweet enough to sing his praise. Hoffman spends the devotion of his years in the attempt to paint his face. Architects vie with each other in building cathedrals worthy of him whose name is above every name. An English jurist tells of dreaming that every Christian idea had been stricken from his law-books. Opening the familiar volumes he found the pages meaningless and many of them blank.

If the Spirit of Christ and the seed thoughts he dropped centuries ago could be taken out of our statute books and our text-books and our libraries and our art galleries, the best part of civilization would crumble. No student of history can doubt that his influence has penetrated with all the conditions in which men live. "The world has changed," wrote Martineau, the great Englishman, "and that change is historically traceable to Christ."

If "life is just our chance of the prize of learning love," as the poet has put it, then we cannot be far wrong when we suppose that all the delight and joy of life today have lines running straight back to the Manger of Bethlehem—to the King of Love, who there rested as a little child in his mother's arms.

"O Lord and Master of us all,
What e'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by thine."

And yet, while all of this is true, and while we rejoice in it, may not very much the same story which was told that first Christmas night be told in modern language of the intense, eager-absorbing life which we are living? How like that inn at Bethlehem is modern life—like the inn with the hum of business in every corner, until the money-changer speaks with authority sometimes even in the house of God.

And in the midst of this hurrying whirl of life, the Lord Christ is crowded out. No place is left for the ideal aims and heavenly visitations and inner place which unobtrusively invites our welcome. Young people, is it not so? In these busy school days, with their absorbing interests and daily demands, are you leaving room for the very interests which make life worth living? Are you finding the truth that makes men free? You remember how Darwin confessed that his early fondness for music and poetry and the high things of the soul had been crowded out of his life by his intense pursuit of science—by his love for bugs and beetles—until he lost the power to love those things which give color and meaning to life. Business men, is it not so? Indeed, is it not the conspicuous danger in American life that the little things shall crowd out the great things, until the home of many a man is scarcely more than a shelter for the night, and in life's throng and press the soul's ideals are crowded out.

"There was no room for them in the inn." May there not be something of this crowding out even in this season of Christmas remembrance—people so busy commemorating the truth of Christ that they have no time to receive him.

Suppose in these days that commemorate his first coming the spirit of the Master should wish to come into our midst, and once again the great words were spoken to us, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door I will come unto him." What should we say to him? Indeed, I see him coming in these very days in our public interests, and I hear him asking, "Is there room for me in this prosperous city? Have its people time to care for its higher life? Will they make this a Christian city?" I see him coming in our friendships, in our efforts to overcome the grievances that have been cherished through the year, and I hear him say: "Is there room for me in these hearts today?" Will they welcome my spirit of peace and good-will?" I see him coming to us in our work and our worry, in our frivolity and excitement, and I hear him say to each of us, "Is there room for me in your busy lives today?" and I hear the soul, touched by the spirit of the Christmas time, make answer, "Enter, Lord Jesus, yet there is room." "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee."

The Uses of Trial.

By Rev. William D. Kidd.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy" (James v: 11).

Affliction occupies a large place in the economy of salvation, for though suffering is the result of sin, God takes hold of it and transmutes it into one of the richest blessings to his own people. From whatever secondary causes the afflictions of the righteous may arise, whether from the sins of their forefathers, the cruelty of their enemies, their own mistakes, or the mistakes of their friends, or the malice of Satan, it is their blessed privilege to realize that the Lord permits and overrules all, and that he has a gracious end in every sorrow which he allows to overtake them. Happy the Christian who, though he cannot see this "end" at present, is able to trust in the goodness which chastens, and cleave to the hand that smites.

It may help us, however, to "endure chastening," if we consider two or three of the gracious ends or uses of our trials.

I. Trial reveals us to God.

There is a sense, doubtless, in which trial reveals us to God; makes manifest to him what is in our heart. Perhaps some one may object, and say, that we need nothing to make manifest to God what we are, that he understands us perfectly. He knows what is in man, and needs not anything to tell him. True, and yet he says of Abraham, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not witheld thy son, thine only son, from me." And to the Israelites, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep my commandments or no." Now God knew that Abraham feared him, and he also knew how far Israel would keep his commandments, but he did not know as a matter of actual fact until the fact transpired. He must have the latent principle developed in action before he could know it as action. Thus Abraham, by his obedience, made his love manifest to God. Not that God had previously any doubts as to Abraham's love, but he desired a practical manifestation of it in action. The divine love is like all other love in this respect—it delights in practical proof of love in return, nor will it be satisfied without. Remember this in thy various afflictions. The Lord is leading thee about in the wilderness to prove thee, and to see (to make manifest to himself) what is in thine heart, and whether thou wilt keep his commandments or no. Remember also that in nothing is love made so manifest as in willing, cheerful suffering for the sake of its object. It is easy, nay, it is joyful, to labor, but patient, cheerful suffering requires a deeper love, a more perfect self-abandonment. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "We glory in tribulations also."

II. Trial also reveals us to ourselves.

Although I do not agree with the adage that untried grace is no grace at all, yet unquestionably much fancied grace has proved itself, in the hour of trial, to be but as the early cloud and the morning dew. "How many who have received the Word with joy and for a while have believed, in time of temptation have fallen away." How many a professing Christian, if he could have had predicted to him the effect of adversity upon his heart and life, would have said with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" And yet, when the true test of character came, he fell. There is no surer test for the Christian as to the state of his heart than the way in which he receives affliction. How often when all has appeared prosperous and peaceful, and the child of God has been congratulating himself on spiritual growth and increased power over inward corruption, has some fiery trial overtaken him, when, instead of being met with perfect submission and cheerful acquiescence, it has produced sudden confusion, dismay, and perhaps rebellion, revealing to him that his heart was far from that state of divine conformity which he had hoped and supposed.

III. Trial also reveals us to the world.

As the greatest manifestation of God to the world was by suffering, so the most influential revelation of his people to the world has been by suffering. They are seen to the best advantage in the furnace. The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church. The patience, meekness, firmness and happiness of God's people in circumstances of suffering, persecution and death, have paved the way for the gospel in almost all lands and all ages. A baptism of blood has prepared the hard and sterile soil of humanity for the good seed of the kingdom, and made it doubly fruitful. The exhibition of the meek and loving spirit of Christianity, under suffering, has doubtless won thousands of hearts to its Divine Author, and tamed and awed many a savage persecutor, besides Saul of Tarsus. When men see their fellow-men enduring with patience and meekness what they know would fill them with hatred, anger and revenge, they naturally conclude that there must be a different spirit in them. Patient suffering, cheerful acquiescence in affliction and anguish, mental or physical, is the most convincing proof of the divine in man which it is possible for humanity to give. "Truly, this was the Son of God," said those who stood by the cross when they saw how he suffered. And how many who have been thoroughly skeptical as to the professions of their converted kindred, and have most bitterly persecuted them, and withstood every argument and entreaty advanced in health and activity, have yielded almost without a word before the patience and peace with which the billows of suffering and death have been braved, nay, welcomed! Such evidence is too mighty, such proof too positive to be resisted, even by persecutors and blasphemers.

Abraham might have written a book and preached all his life long, as doubtless he did, but the whole, ten times told, would not have convinced his family, his contemporaries and posterity, of the depth and fervency of his love to God, as did that holy calm surrender of the best beloved of his soul to the requirements of God. Job might have been the upright, benevolent, righteous man he was, but probably we should never have heard of him but for his wonderful submission, patience and faith, under suffering. It is this which lifts him up as an example and a teacher to all succeeding generations. It was when sitting on a dunghill, apparently forsaken of God and man, and suffering the direst physical agony which Satan could inflict, that Job attained his greatest victory and made that wonderful exhibition of trust in God which has been the comfort and admiration of God's people from that day to this.

It was in the furnace of persecution that Stephen, Peter, James, John and Paul proved the divinity of their characters and the genuineness of their faith! Without suffering, the world could never have known the strength of their faith, the fervency of their love, or the purity of their lives. Their trials made them "spectacles unto the world, to angels and to men," and won for their Master the ears and heart of thousands. When an apostle would present to us the mightiest achievements of faith and the most wonderful exhibitions of the power of divine grace, he refers us not so much to the doings of God's people, as to their cheerful and triumphant sufferings (Heb. xi.).

How are your afflictions revealing you to those around you? Are you adding your testimony to that of the cloud of witnesses who are gone before, to the sufficiency of divine grace to sustain and comfort in the hour of sorrow and suffering? Is your patient endurance saying to those around you, I can do (and suffer) all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me?

San Mateo.

Friendship is helpful. We never know what our friends do for us. They are advocates for us, speaking strong, earnest words for us to others. They defend us from false things which others may speak of us. Since I began to write this paragraph I have had an opportunity to tell the truth about one of my friends to another who had heard certain charges against him, thus removing the false impression concerning my friend at least from one man's mind. None of us know how much of our success we owe to the loyal words of our friends.

The Bystander.

The Bystander had a chat with the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., of Sacramento, the other day. Dr. Dickinson and the church are both doing well. The Bystander always recalls his experience in Lawrence, Mass., where for some months he supplied a pulpit during his student days. The old lady who entertained him had what she called the "Prophets' Chamber," which had its traditions. It was made sacred by rising young prophets, who came and went from the seminary. The Bystander very well remembers two portraits in this "Chamber," about which the good woman never tired of speaking. They represented two of her ministerial ideals, or, perhaps, idols. The one was a portrait of a boyish-looking fellow by the name of Foster—one Frank Foster—now Professor Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary. The other was that of Mr. Dickinson, both of whom are still enshrined in the old lady's heart, both of whose portraits still hang upon the wall. The Bystander could wish for nothing better than to feel that he, too, is remembered.

Dr. Dickinson was for some time a leading figure in the great Andover-American Board controversy. Berkeley Temple came into this controversy at a critical time and sent one of the victims of that discussion to Japan. Time has healed, in a measure, the wounds of that debate, which divided the church and disordered many personal friendships. The world is wiser now than then.

Dr. Dickinson has hit upon a novel method, and The Bystander uses the word "novel," not as a pun, to attract an evening audience in Sacramento. It is the plan used with such success by Mr. Sheldon—that of reading a short novel or story in the pulpit. He calls them "Stories from Life and about Life." He claims that most of our Lord's teaching was given in story form. These tales are described in an interesting prospectus as "simple stories, woven from real or imaginary experiences in the brain of one whose busy pastorate, covering a period of twenty years in three great cities, has made him familiar with most of the vices and weaknesses of average men and women, and, like the tale of the Prodigal Son, their aim will be to point the way to the kingdom of heaven." Here are some of the titles: "The Waif of the Allegreash, or, A Little New England Heathen"; "A Gambler's Story, or The Fruit of One Sermon"; "The Text, 'Is Not This a Branch Plucked Out of the Fire?'"; "Almost a Suicide, or, The Sequel of a Confession"; "The Bird with a Broken Wing"; "The Old Oaken Bucket"; "The Young Man's Dilemma," and other suggestive titles.

Dr. Dickinson has been a story writer for many years and many have found their way into print. That they press home the truths of religion upon the hearts of the people of Sacramento is evident from the large and appreciative hearing they receive.

Sermon Themes.

The reference above to Dr. Dickinson's evening subjects is a reminder that the preacher need not hesitate to select themes and methods calculated to arouse attention and interest an audience. A live topic for Sunday evening is better than a dead topic to be followed by a supper or entertainment on some evening during the week. Life should commence in the pulpit. It is not in the rear car, but in the engine where the fire should be kindled. Many ministers try to run the train by starting the fire in the wrong place. Therefore, there is never enough steam to blow the whistle.

If you read a good strong book, take the truths and lay them over and in and around the Bible, and let the Light of God shine through them, and see the pews fill up. If a book isn't worth preaching about, or worth illustrating something we do preach about, it usually isn't worth reading. This wonderful world of ours is full of sermons and the Bible is full of texts, and there remains the privilege of weaving the text into the material from life. Indeed, this is the very sense of the word, "text." But some one says, "That is not the gospel; it is sensationalism." Never mind what anybody says. Listen to the people and preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and your ministry will be sucessful. The man who tries to please everybody will succeed in pleasing nobody.

The Bystander believes Davy Crockett was right: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The Influence of Mission Work in Commerce.

BY THE HON. CHARLES DENBY.

In a recent number of the New York Independent there appeared from the pen of the Hon. Charles Denby, formerly United States Minister to China, a valuable article on "The Influence of Mission Work on Commerce." It should have wide reading. It is accordingly reproduced in this issue of The Pacific as follows:

"It is possible that the layman should leave the discussion of missionary questions to the bishops and the divines. It would be better for him, no doubt, to heed the advice which Appelles gave to the criticizing shoemaker, *'ne sutor ultra crepidam'*—'Let the shoemaker not go beyond his last.' Still, when he reads in the religious press long and labored articles on the difficulty of raising money for mission purposes, and the inefficiency of the various organizations for the maintenance of the system, he is tempted—if he has an idea, or thinks he has—to violate all the rules, and print it.

"It may seem to some fastidious persons that the cause of religion would be weakened if any sentiment of material benefit were to enter into its consideration, but as the missionary himself makes use of all the temporal means that are at hand for promoting the success of his religious efforts, it would seem that his supporters might properly use the same means to secure 'the sinews of war.' 'Commercialism,' even in politics, is not all wrong.

"May it not be permitted, therefore, to suggest that, in urging on the laymen the propriety and duty of supporting missions, the argument drawn from faith and piety would not at all be weakened if the material benefits which are likely to accrue to the business man from missions' work were alluded to sometimes? It is conceded, of course, that to the missionary the religious work is the supreme duty to which everything else is subsidiary. To promote that work, trade, education, charity, medical and surgical attendance, are all subordinate—they are only means to an end. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that the statesman, the diplomatist, and the business man look at this work with reference to its influence on commerce and the general prosperity of the world.

"Suppose a man is absolutely irreligious, still is it forbidden, or even disreputable, that he should give money in aid of missions, for the distinct reason that he is thereby elevating and improving mentally those for whose benefit the money is to be expended, or that his means cast upon the waters will come back to him after many days?

"It cannot be doubted that the missionary question in China, in a purely civil and commercial point of view, is one of great importance. Let it be openly said that if the missionary taught nothing but theology he would fall short of being the great benefactor that he is. In fact and in truth, he becomes a teacher of learning, of mathematics, and the sciences, as Martin, a former missionary, and

many others are. He establishes a college, as Mater, Sheffield, Allen, and others have done. He becomes the master and preceptor of agriculture, as Nevius did at Chefoo, and all the country around bloomed and blossomed with new seeds and fruits and flowers. He builds a university, as Pilcher, Lowry, Hobart, Gamewell, Harper, Boone and Potts did, whence every year educated teachers go forth to spread knowledge and learning among the people He translates into Chinese a whole series of primers, as Edkins, an old missionary, did, and the Emperor commences to study and to learn English. He erects out of his own means a hospital and stocks it with medicines, as Atterbury did. There are 123 foreign hospitals in China. The lady missionary takes by the hand the ill-treated, the neglected, the despised girl, and transforms her into a modest, well-behaved, educated woman. And the woman doctor goes forth among her sisters and is their ministering angel. The missionary is the leader in charity. He gives largely out of his scanty means, and he honestly disburses the money intrusted to him. He is the pioneer of commerce. From his modest home there radiates the light of modern civilization. He alone of all classes has the right to go into the interior and reside. He precedes the drummer, who follows on behind, and foreign commerce has its birth. Says Sir Robert Hart in an article published in many magazines, 'The missionary has done most excellent work.'

"It is not necessary to make any argument on the question whether the missionary benefits the Chinese or not. If his undisputed works, as above partly enumerated, do not prove that he is their benefactor then let us burn our hospitals, schools and colleges as being useless. The problem is: How does his work benefit us and humanity in general? In semi-civilized or barbarous peoples, civilization, instruction, learning, breed new wants which commerce supplies. Look at the electric telegraph in every province in China. Look at the steamships which ply along the coast from Hongkong to Newchang and on the Yangtse, and up the West river. Look at the foreign cities which have sprung up along the coast and rivers—Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, and others—object lessons to the Chinese! Look at the enormous trade which has been created between China and the rest of the world since the Protestant missionary got a foothold there! Look at the railroads which are built, or projected! There are thousands of missionaries in China, and they bore their part with the Imperial Maritime Customs, the diplomatists, the consuls, and the merchants, in all this progress. They were agents for the foreigner. They were his interpreters—at first his only interpreters. They translated Chinese books for him. They wrote books for the Chinese and for the foreigner as well. They explored China and made the interior familiar to the outer world. One of them, Williams, was the author of the Chinese dictionary, which is the students' text-book. Without them China would be a sealed country today. Two hundred and fifty years ago missionaries taught the sciences at Peking. France, Germany and England have always recognized their obligations and duties to this class. France has been the protector of the Catholics in China for hundreds of years—a right which Germany now claims to share. These two astute nations understand what they are doing. Ridicule the Kaiser if you please, but his foreign policy has been brilliant.

"Men of intelligence have declared that missionary work has, to some extent, repaid China for the injuries which the foreigner has introduced into her borders—opium, for instance, whose evils the missionaries cure.

"If it is true that mission work tends to spread and benefit commerce, is there any reason why the fact should not be proclaimed, and on that ground appeals should be addressed to business men to help the cause of missions with their influence and money?"

"Faith" and "Works."

S. M. Freeland.

"Faith without works is dead," and so are works without faith. A man's belief affects his life; his life also affects his belief. "A man who sits there and makes a theology to suit his life is very likely to be found out." So said a ministerial friend to the writer in speaking of a gentleman known in some measure to both.

The Unitarian defection of Boston and vicinity of the early part of the last century came out of a condition of low spiritual living in the churches, and it led to a confirmed naturalism in thought and life, which has, in turn, led to such theology as that of Theodore Parker and Minot J. Savage. The Congregationalist, in a recent number, says that the thinking of orthodox Christians has latterly been coming nearer to that of our Unitarian brethren, but quotes in answer to their appeals for fellowship the reasons against it given by a gentleman who published (anonymously) the first "orthodox" book of later years in behalf of the guess of annihilation of the incorrigible wicked. He says that the "orthodox" find in their Unitarian brethren no zeal for missions, little account of the personality of Jesus Christ, a cold and almost lifeless manner of public worship, no celebration of the Lord's Supper in their public gatherings. Does it not occur to the Unitarian "orthodox" Christians that they will, in a century, be doing just these same things in just the same way? Works do follow faith, as well as make faith. How can you persuade a man to be very zealous for Christian missions when they are reduced to being merely a method of hastening by a few years the natural evolution of the heathen? And who can be long enthusiastic over the personality and the doings of a weak and ignorant enthusiast who died nineteen centuries ago? His philosophy and his ethics were not new, and as to his applications of the truth, which all men have, why not worship Socrates and the Buddha as well?

"But we must follow the truth whithersoever it leads." Of course we must, but it is the part of wisdom to look in the direction of its leading. And when we understand how fully men make the truths which they believe—choose what out of their knowledges they will emphasize—select the witnesses whom they will believe, the forebears and the following of such truths, knowledges, witnesses are well worthy of attention. A lady friend of one of my friends returned some time ago from "Christian Science" to her Bible and her Sunday-school class because she found that her "science" had led her to pray chiefly to herself as one of the highest manifestations of a God who was "not a person, but a principle." She concluded that her light of truth was a will o' the wisp.

The Bible by the Mediterranean.

The American Bible Society has issued a report to its constituency, based on the recent visitation of its agencies in the Levant, by its Secretary, the Rev. William I. Haven, D.D. This report states that there has been a steadily increasing demand for the Scriptures in the more than twenty languages spoken by the people along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The principal circulation is in Armenian, Greek and Arabic. The Arabic issues during the last year were over 40,000. The colporteurs of the Society travel throughout Asia Minor, and have free access to the people in the towns and vil-

lages. Dr. Haven visited Smyrna, where there is said to be a well-located depository and a center from which work is carried on through the missionaries in the region of the Seven Churches of the early Church, named in the second and third chapters of the last book in the Bible. At Beirout, another important center for the work throughout Syria and the Lebanon Mountains, American missionary operations were found to be in a vigorous condition, and the work of the Bible Society steadily growing. "It is the plowshare of all our work," said one of the most distinguished of the missionary body. The distribution of Scriptures in the Nile Valley and in the Soudan is also a part of the work of the American Bible Society in its Levant Agency. It co-operates with the American Mission of the United Presbyterian Church, which mission Sir Alfred Milner says is one of the most important agencies at work for the regeneration of Egypt. Thousands of Arabic Scriptures are circulated every year in this interesting country and special colporteurs have made remarkable journeys along the White and Blue Niles in the Soudan. This oldest agency of the American Bible Society, established, with its headquarters at Constantinople, over sixty years ago, has sent out into these regions 2,000,000 copies of the entire Bible, or portions of it, and it seems as if its work was but just beginning."

Religious Beliefs and Superstitions of the Caroline Islanders.

By Rev. P. M. Price.

There is nothing sadder than religious aspirations gone wrong. One is glad to observe the existence of true religious sentiments in even the lowest heathen, but sad that these have been basely perverted, made to pander to the lowest passions, and led to most shameful practices. There can be no doubt but that the Caroline Islanders once possessed a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being. A few of the more thoughtful among them, at the present time, profess to believe in one God, Anulap, who is supreme over all others, and attended by lesser divinities who do his bidding. They always speak reverently of him and say that he is good, but when urged to tell something about him they reply: "Don't you want to inquire of some one else? I really don't know." This only we have learned: Anulap is a great, harmless, self-contained being, who dwells amid dazzling beauty and glory in the highest heavens. Surrounded by his own majesty and sufficient in himself for all things, he has no concern for the affairs of men.

There is also a very great evil spirit, Onofat, who dwells in an inferior heaven and devotes his time to plotting against and injuring Anulap. He secretly invades Anulap's domain, steals his goods, and makes him any amount of trouble. Unlike Anulap, Onofat visits the earth, and is represented in popular stories as tormenting people by tearing down their houses and eating up their children. The belief in these two great spirits is at best vague and wholly theoretical. The key to the religious beliefs and superstitions of the people is in their Anu. The word is applied to good and bad spirits, to animate and inanimate objects that are worshiped, and to various idols and charms. It is never applied to the soul of living man. The word for that is *ngun*, and is frequently used when speaking of the dead. An *anu* is comprehensively used for anything possessing superhuman power. It may be a god, spirit, idol, charm, or amulet. Innumerable *anu* (spirits) dwell in the "heaven of the clouds," and continually mingle with men. Some of them dwell in old trees, others in marshy places, and lone, deserted houses. They abound everywhere after dark; children are afraid to go out after dark, lest the *anu* catch them. Especially do they gather about the sick and dying, and after a death in a community these mischievous spirits hold high carnival, creeping stealthily about, pulling the hair of sleeping women, chasing parties who carelessly get away from the house, and cause general consternation. It is customary to carry a dying person out of his house to die. If one dies in a house it is tabooed, and after standing a while is torn down and rebuilt.

A wooden charm, similar in shape to the head of a clothespin but smaller, is hung around the neck of a little babe and called its *anu*, and a mother often knots blades of grass and hangs them about the sleeping place of her little one and calls them "baby's *anu*." When a little child dies mothers smear mud on the faces of their children of the same age, lest the spirit of the departed child carry one off for a companion in the spirit world.

Sailors worship the rainbow, which they call "rainbow god." In order to secure its favor the captain weaves a wreath of grass or cocoanut leaves and wears it around his neck when at sea. Certain food is also tabooed in honor of this god, and offerings are made to it.

There are no such powerful "medicine men" in the Carolines as are found in some other groups; their place is supplied by sorcerers or "spirit workers." The successful spirit workers are men of more than ordinary ability, striking individuality and personal influence, and bold to work iniquity. They break up families, stir up strife, lead the heathen dance, and allure the people to immoral and violent deeds. In time of sickness they are often called in, and profess to cast out the "devil of disease" by use of "spirit medicine" and incantations.

On the eve of going to war a special war god is worshiped. Every community has its war god. In Kutua it is the shark. The entire community turns out to catch the shark, and after it is caught, while the women remain in the sea to bewail its death, the men go ashore to perform the appointed ceremonies. Sometimes the priest assembles the warriors, forms them in line before him, kills a chicken in their presence, and sprinkles its blood on them while crooning a song. The body of the chicken is then taken and buried or thrown into the bushes on the enemy's land. This is done to make the men brave —a quality very much wanting in Ruk warriors.

While each community has its local deities, there are certain ones that are worshiped and feared everywhere. Among these may be mentioned Inemes, who is a most powerful goddess. She is worshiped throughout the Caroline group. She is really the goddess of sorcery, and shrewd women profess to be familiar with her. She is also the goddess of adultery. I knew a good woman with a kind husband and two children, who, under what she supposed to be the influence of this goddess, deserted her husband, gave away her children, threw off her civilized dress, and became most vile and unmanageable. This goddess is usually represented by the image of a bird with outspread wings, red body and black beak, wing tips and tail. This image is hung in their council and canoe houses, near growing trees, and wherever special divine help is sought. She sends sickness, has the power of life and death, and must be implicitly obeyed. Children are frightened into obedience by their mothers telling them this goddess will punish them if they are naughty. Special fasts are undergone to secure her favor, and she is believed in without question. At one place where I preached a large image of Inemes hung in the canoe house in which we held services, and the chief, though avowedly accepting Christianity, could not bring himself

to the point of putting it away. I reproved him for this, and finally it disappeared.

Os is the god of little children. When they are sick Os is angry with them, but he is their guardian, and if a mother neglects her babe Os takes note of it, and that mother had better beware. In their folk lore Os always figures in the children's stories and takes the children's part.

Kier is a great sea god. Many years ago a company of fisherman in the Mortlock Islands saw this god standing erect on his canoe in the midst of an angry sea. He was about four times as large as a man, and possessed of great power and dignity. Since then he has not been seen, but the Mortlock people long believed this story; now, they say, "It was only a lie." To the chambered nautilus they gave the poetic name of "Kier's canoe dipper." Women who go to fish worship this god, and make offerings to him by throwing food in the air. He is said to come down in the rain, and women are warned not to remain out in the rain lest Kier come down on them.

Besides these special gods many others are worshiped. There are more than twenty different fishes that are worshiped, and almost as many birds. The whale is worshiped because they fear it will destroy their canoes; the shark because it accompanies them on their voyages and protects them; the swordfish because it may send storms, and if propitiated will protect their land; and still another fish, because he towed their island from a distant place and gave it to them for a possession. And so on in everything—birds and trees and creeping things—something is turned into a fetish. The seagull is eaten because it is believed to have the power to confer the gift of immortality; the lizard is killed and put under the bed of an enemy to produce his death; and a blade of grass, knotted by a sorcerer, is supposed to secure the affection of one of the opposite sex if it touches the body.

From all this fetishism and superstition one may turn in disgust, and yet there are some things that offer encouragement. Undoubtedly there is a profound belief in the conscious existence of the soul after death. The dead are supposed to have more power than the living, and this is one reason for so many suicides. Sometimes a sorcerer will announce that he has seen the soul of a departed acquaintance wandering in a solitary place, or sitting alone with bowed head. The thought of happiness after death has not dawned upon their dark minds. Christianity lightens up their dark and gloomy future.

Through all their superstitions runs the idea of punishment for wickedness. This is rooted and grounded in their hearts, so that they regard all sickness and calamity as proofs of guilt. "That man has been accused falsely, for no calamity has come upon him or his family," said an intelligent native to me, speaking of one who had been thought guilty of some sin.

Again, the use of amulets and charms, and the universial recognition of a superhuman power, reveal a firm belief in great spiritual beings. Perverted as this belief has become it still affords an excellent starting-point for the teaching of the truths of revealed religion. It is remarkable with what readiness and delight these people receive the truths about the future state and the existence of one great Supreme Being, who has revealed himself to us through his Son, sent down from heaven. The people, once converted, are happy in the worship of their Father God, and on thirty islands of the Caroline group heathenism and superstition are disappearing, churches and schools have been established, Christian teachers have taken the place of the sorcerers, and hymns of praise pour forth from grateful hearts. But these thirty islands represent less than one-half the population of the group. The Western Carolines and America's new island of Guam have waited long, and in vain, for the coming of the missionary and Christian teacher. Shall we leave these people alone in their degrading superstitions and loathsome vices? Shall we not rather heed the call and send them the glorious gospel, so that this "wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose"?

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Promise of Power. (Acts 1: 1–11.)

Lesson I. January 5, 1902.

The Bible is a Book of life. It is a history of the world, written from the standpoint of man. Its distinguishing feature is growth, the development of certain great operative principles, under fixed conditions. Its view of man is as God's child. More specifically, it treats of the human race as disloyal, sets forth its situation as sinful, and records God's steadily developing process of redemption, through the revelation of himself to man, and of man to himself. This is its theme, infinitely varied, continually recurring. "The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God," and the practical life growing out of that belief.

The making of our Bible was therefore a work of time, of more than four thousand years. It was not sprung upon the world complete, like the fabled Minerva from the head of Apollo. It grew. It could not have been constructed in any shorter period. What we know as the apostolic, or rather the post-apostolic, age, was the first historic movement at which the completion of our Scriptures was intellectually or morally possible. Not sooner could the many-sided needs of a revolted race, and God's many-sided revelation of himself in their redemption, have been disclosed with sufficient clearness.

"When the fullness of time was come," "it came to pass." And as a result the Book holds an absolutely unique place in the literature of the world. It is man's universal guide book in religion. No product of a single mind, or a single age, such, e. g., as the Roman, could possibly compete with it in adaptation to universal humanity.

The opening sentence of the section which is to form our study for the coming six months illustrates that principle of growth to which reference has been made. In it, the writer recalls a "former treatise, concerning all that Jesus *began* both to do and to teach," during those thirty-three years from his birth in Bethlehem, "until the day when he was received" from Olivet. This "Book of Acts" is simply the *continuation* of the "Gospel according to Luke." A complete title would be "The Book of the Acts of Jesus Christ, through the Holy Spirit, Energizing and Directing Human Agents." And the first chapter is doubly noteworthy as embodying what may be termed the "motif," or animating spirit of all that follows. It is

Christian History Epitomized.

What the writer is to narrate falls into place as a section of veritable history. Specifically, he sets the seal of authenticity upon those forty days which separated the Lord's resurrection from his ascension. It was, he tells us, marked by repeated manifestations of himself, in bodily form, to certain chosen witnesses. We know what the general subject of their conversation was, in these interviews—that it concerned the Kingdom of God.

He met with them as man with man, in their assemblies. He was their Guest at social meals (See Am. R. V. margin); he ate with them. In one or more of these informal gatherings he laid out a program for them, for the temporary government of their lives (v. 4). He cheered them, in prospect of separation, by recalling certain wonderful promises (John xiv: 16, 20; xv: 20). He told them in this connection that, within a very little while, they should have a pledge of their standing in God's redeemed family, as much more convincing than the water baptism of John as the Holy Spirit was personally John's superior (v. 5). He gently corrected one of their most deeply-rooted misapprehensions (vs. 7, 8), and in doing so set before them a truth of immediate practical importance, and also prophetic of their future office and employment. As his witnesses, they were city missionaries first (Jerusalem); then home missionaries (in Judea and Samaria), and finally foreign missionaries (the uttermost part of the earth), (v. 8). Then he is parted from them, angels certifying to his actual ascension and future return. So the old life of companionship ends, and the new life begins. With awed and wondering hearts, disciples go back to Jerusalem, there to await the Master's further instructions and the bestowment of the promise of the Father. How consonant all this orderly course of events is with the earlier stages of God's wonderful redemption, as we have just been studying it; and with those calm, dispassionate memories of our Lord's earthly life, which the evangelists have prepared for us!

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!"

With this introductory chapter, to bridge the transition period between our Lord's ministry in the flesh and that "through the Holy Spirit," we are doubly assured that we follow no cunningly devised fables in the studies which lie before us, bringing us, as they will, face-to-face with "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (I Peter i: 16-18). Our hearts will be in the heavens along much of the way, but our feet will be planted on the solid ground of accredited facts. There will be strong consolation—of this we may be assured—to all who fly for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel of our ascended Lord.

With this conviction, coming back to the immediate subject of study, we note, again, its illustration of

Misapprehensions Corrected.

There were many of these; some, regarding what seem to us such elementary truths that we wonder at the difficulty experienced by the disciples in correctly apprehending them—until we give thought to the instances which every age since then, our own not less than those preceding, supplies, of just such crass interpretations and perversions of facts. Have we not, indeed, reason to question whether, in some of our self-complacent criticisms of former theological or biblical views, we may be exposing a blindness just a little like those opinionated men of Galilee?

I. The Kingdom.

This was one of the misapprehended points. For centuries, almost from the birth of their nation, the idea of a great, all-inclusive kingdom, administered by and in the interests of the Jewish people, had been the object of eager expectation. National disaster, oppression, suffering, so far from weakening this hope, did but concentrate their energies upon it. It flamed with passion, in times like those through which they were passing, at the advent of Jesus. They were looking for a deliverer from Roman servitude, and the establishment of a kingdom which should root up and destroy that of their hated masters. When Jesus appeared, they hailed him as the long-expected One. Most soon lost confidence in him, but his disciples still held on to the hope. They were not wrong in this, nor, indeed, in the *substance* of their hope. The coming Kingdom should be a real and objective fact. It might eventually include a recognized central authority. That was not the point of misapprehension, but this:

1. They did not grasp the true relation of the spiritual to the formal, external features of it. Their expectations were the worldly conception of an ordinary, triumphant earthly government, with all which that would imply for themselves. Practically, it meant a reversal of existing relations between their Roman conquerors and themselves, putting them on top and the Romans underneath.

That was not at all Christ's idea; and throughout his ministry he had been unremitting in his efforts to set the minds of the people, particularly of his disciples, right in the matter. He did come to set up a kingdom, but not after a worldly pattern. The true Kingdom of God is within the heart. Its progress is to be measured by the prevalence of righteousness and peace and holy joy in the world, not by the physical mastery of one nation by another.

This was the point so generally misapprehended, even by disciples; and which was evidenced by their question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom unto Israel?" We wonder at their obtuseness, and yet it is sadly common even in our day. Very good people seem often not to know what manner of spirit they are of, and, in their judgment of practical matters, simply reflect the common worldly thought. From the pulpit they hear, it may be, a different standard of judgment proclaimed; but they hear and remember only what suits them; the rest they forget. And so it comes about that, like the disciples, the most of us are far more concerned with "the things which the Father hath set within his own authority," things which are none of our business, than with what practically takes hold of our life. And so we need, as the disciples of old needed, many a gentle rebuke, such as Jesus administered to them.

2. Another truth of the Kingdom needing elucidation was that of Christ's personal relation to the new order of things. The interest of the disciples was absorbed in "the kingdom"; but practically, for them, the kingdom was *Christ*. As applied to him, the selfish apothegm of Louis XIV of France—"the state is myself"—is literally correct. Ever since "his passion" it had become so. Since that time, his own manner of reference to it had changed. So here, he impresses upon them this new conception of the Kingdom, as made up of *his* witnesses. Henceforward everything centers upon himself. He is all and in all. The method of extending the Kingdom is the preaching of *Jesus*. The power, of which we are to see such wondrous manifestations, is lodged "in the name of Jesus of Nazareth." This book is the "Book of the Acts" of Jesus. That was the truth which the first disciples only vaguely, if at all, perceived. It is a truth still needing reaffirmation and renewed emphasis. The power ruling in the world, and establishing the Kingdom of God, is the personal Lord, Jesus Christ.

3. There was a further truth as to which these disciples needed enlightenment. They could not at all understand how their beloved Master could continue to be to them what he had been, and what their needs still required him to be. The Lord's reply to this puzzle was—the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. This was that "promise of the Father" to which he refers them, as having been made the subject of his instruction (See John xiv: 16, 30;

xv: 20), for which he bade them wait, and of which the practical effects were soon to be so marked (See Acts ii: 33). It is one of the mysteries of the gospel, just what is the relation of Jesus to the Holy Spirit, and what was involved in his bestowment. It involves a grade of being so far above our own that it can be really apprehended, I suppose, only in its practical effects. But these, as we shall see, are clear enough. And the promise itself has become a glorious fact: not only as regards those disciples, but myriads more, in every succeeding age.

The Power.

This was another misapprehended point. The disciples knew what power is; and they were right in craving it for themselves. It is a natural instinct. It measures the amount of manhood there is in one. The words which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan embody an universal truth: "to be weak *is* to be miserable." There is no virtue in weakness. God himself reckons power among his divine attributes. "The Lord God *Omnipotent*" is one of his own designations. He appeals to it, too, on every page of his Word, as an object of legitimate ambition.

But the disciples made just the common worldly mistake regarding the matter. To them, power meant the ability to subject other persons and agencies to one's own personal sway, for one's own personal advantage. Jesus corrects this misapprehension by declaring that power, for them, would mean specifically witness-bearing. "Ye shall receive power, and ye shall be my witnesses."

What this witness-bearing implied we shall see illustrated in our next, and in every succeeding study. But, without going into detail, we may affirm that it meant such a setting forth of the Lord Jesus Christ to the world as should give to men truthful impressions of his character and mission; such a view of his divine relationship as should give dignity and worth to his atoning sacrifice; should make of him a fitting representative of the Eternal Father, competent to disclose redemption as flowing out from the bleeding heart of holy love; such as, by drawing men trustfully to himself, should also join them by sweet constraint to the Father; and so complete their redemption in making them the sons of God. It would be the power to so become possessed of "the mind of Christ" as to be absorbed in it, and controlled by it, and moved to the same great thoughts for the world, individually and collectively, physically and mentally, industrially and socially, morally and spiritually, which animated the Lord himself and directed all his energies. So much, certainly, was implied in true witness-bearing. And,

2. Another point: the source of all this power should be just where his own efficiency rested, in the Holy Spirit. The two are indissolubly united. "Power belongeth unto God." All power resides there. And in this last revelation "Christ is the Power of God": and Christ, moving upon the world for its redemption, is the Holy Spirit. What those words mean, theologically, no one can apprehend except by glimpses, bright or dim, according to the completeness with which the mind of Christ has possession of his faculties. But what it means practically; is as clear as the sun at noonday.

The baptism in the Holy Spirit (v. 5) means power in the very highest sphere, in contrast with inefficiency. It means power not only to live for oneself a pure, clean, godly life, but also the power of persuasion; the power to make others virtuous and godly; not only to go out into the highways and plead, but to compel the godless ones to give heed—as it were, to create a conscience, to lay hold of them in the spirit and power of Christ, and capture them for glory. It is the power to pray men into the Kingdom, and to send the saving influences far out into the life of this weary, suffering, sinning world. Such an one may truthfully declare that the things which he speaks are not man's wisdom, but that of the Holy Spirit, instinct with all His energy, the energy of God.

And just here is where so many otherwise good and self-sacrificing men and women today are misguided, and weak and ineffective. The saving power is not in them. And what they need above everything else—the only thing which many of them need—is to become practically convinced of this indissoluble connection between the Holy Spirit and effective witness-bearing; then, that they heartily put themselves under his power. It is "the promise of the Father," as imperative today as of yore. It is worth waiting for, as the disciples waited for it, in retirement, and heart-searching, and prayer, separately and together. It would have been folly for the disciples to have anticipated this divine baptism and indwelling, and to have rushed out into their witnessing prematurely; yes, even though unsaved souls in throngs were waiting for the words of life. And it is no less a blunder, when committed, as it too often is today, by ministers and teachers, and Christian laborers in whatever sphere. Better wait for the promise of the Father, as a realized fact—theologically inaccurate, as some will claim the phrase to be.

But let us not, on the other hand, stand too long peering into heaven for further visions of our ascended Lord. He has come; is gone; will come again! Amen, so let it be, in his own good time and way! Meanwhile let us not be unmindful of the angels' warning words to the men of Galilee. Olivet for refreshment, but Jerusalem for service. Not until their ministry lay there might they follow Jesus heavenward. Here, not there, present duty lay.

"So help us ever more with Thee to bow,
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

That Which Comes First. (Matt. vi: 33; Gen. xii: 7, 8; Matt. viii: 22.)

Topic for January 5, 1902:

First, be sure what you mean when speaking on this topic. Do you mean first in *order* or first in *importance?* The whole circumference of religious life depends upon the answer to this question. In the daily readings and in some of the comments upon this topic, these two very different matters are mingled in such a way as to produce confusion, if one is not careful and clear in his thinking. When Jesus speaks of the growth of the seed in the kingdom of God, and uses the illustration, "First, the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," he refers to the order—the blade precedes the ear and the ear the full corn. But when he says, "Seek ye first his kingdom, and his rightousness," he means that our seeking is to make his kingdom of the highest importance. If we are to have new starting points, as suggested in these notes last week, it is well to understand clearly which way we are setting out.

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Think of this suggestion a little. If we take this word first to refer chiefly to the order, then we will do as many, indeed, appear to do already, even in religious circles. We will go to church on Sunday, for example, in the morning, and then, perhaps, we will play football or golf, or something less conspicuous, but quite as apart from

our morning occupation, in other parts of the day. Or we will pay close attention to worship and religious contemplations or labors on the first day of the week, but lay the most of it aside and rush in for ourselves the remaining six days, until we come around to the next first day when we start over again in like manner. We shall have a very different character of Christian experience and of example over others if we merely put our Christian thought or service first in the order of time.

* * *

What we need for nineteen hundred and two and all the other years to come, on to the end of the chapter, is to make life for Jesus Christ first in importance. The moment we begin to fence in our religion, our experience and our service become correspondingly weak. We can not successfully put our religion in a tank, and now and then draw out a bucketful. There may be times and places where our experience and our efforts may be emphasized and prolonged with unusual force, like a crescendo in music. But crescendos can never hide or compensate for false notes and broken time and discords elsewhere in the score. There is no insurance feature about serving our Lord. Special sanctity Sunday morning cannot spread itself over and atone for looser conditions later in the day. Scrubbing the house in the spring can never answer for careless housewifery the rest of the year.

* * *

We cannot change the importance of things by our treatment of them. Our health does not lose any of its importance to ourselves because we are careless of it. The Bible and religious service and prayer do not become one whit less important to us because we may not regard them highly. Jesus is to come first because he is first, and can never be anything else. The kingdom of God is to be first in our seeking because it is first in importance, whatever we may think of it. It is not a matter of opinion or of training or of preference or of prudence; it is in the eternal fitness of things. We can no more change that fact than we can stop the world in its motion on its axis and start it whirling from east to west, or freeze the ground under the summer sun and ripen fruit in an arctic winter. That which comes first is that which is first.

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So, as we turn into this new year, the question is, What are we to do about it? Will we actually give the first place in our plans and work to that which, by the eternal law of God, is first? There are a dozen things clamoring for this place in our coming year. By every form of persuasion and argument and enticement we are being urged to give this Christian service some place, but not absolutely the first place and the first importance, in our plans and work of the year. Shall we do it? Shall we yield to the pressure of the times and the sophistry of the day to believe that almost any good intention can pass as Christian living? The real work to be done as the year opens is to look ourselves over and to see if we have any plans, and if they mean first of all and all through the year over all to acquire more knowledge of his kingdom and to aid in the extension of its rule.

* * *

If so, that which comes first in order is the giving up of our minds to be under the control of the Holy Spirit. There are no "resident forces" in the human heart, which, untouched by the Spirit of God, can keep first in our lives that which comes first. New year resolutions may be of some value, but they are paper flowers, unless they grow out of a heart into which God has come to dwell. They are beautiful but lifeless, abiding but unproductive. The next is some definite plan of constant culture in this life. The knowledge of God's Word is first; we must make it so in our life. If we have more time for that literary club than we have for studying the Bible, that which is first in importance is not so in our adjustment of things in our life. Beware of a scrappy religious life. Crazy patchwork may be odd, but it is not artistic. Make a year-long plan; make it so that it may become life-long.

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Christmas in the Banyan City.

By Alice H. Smyth.

[Those who were at the quarterly meeting of the W. B. M. P., at the First church, Oakland, and heard Mrs. Smyth talk on China, will welcome this account of Christmas in Foochow, from her pen. Mrs. Smyth went to China under the American Board, but later on became connected with the M. E. Mission by marriage and has worked under that Board till she came to this country on account of the illness of her husband.]

The city of Foochow in Southeastern China, beautifully situated in the valley of the River Min, is called the Banyan City, from the grand old banyan trees seen here and there throughout the city. It has about six hundred thousand inhabitants and not more than fifteen or twenty Christian chapels.

Missionary work was begun there over fifty years ago, the first misisonaries of the A. B. C. F. M. having gone there in January, 1847, while missionaries of the Methodist church followed later in the same year. Fully ten years of faithful work had been patiently given before the first convert was baptized, but now the native Christians may be numbered by the thousands, and as Christmas comes round each year great preparations are made for celebrating the day.

The mission station where, in the early days of missionary work, a few were gathered together to hear the story of the gospel, has now become a strong center of Christian work, so that Christmas has come to be a series of celebrations rather than one celebration; for beside the Sunday-school exercises at the church there are the boys' boarding school and the girls' boarding school, the woman's school and the orphanage, the theological school and the students in the hospital studying medicine; and each one of these departments likes to have its own celebration. As the missionaries are invited to all these festivities, it is no wonder that, while they hail Christmas with glad and grateful hearts, and rejoice with each happy company in turn, they do not, like some little girls, wish that "every day in the year was Christmas."

It must be remembered that the students in the various higher schools do not return to their homes at Christmas; they are excused from regular lessons for only two or three days and the winter vacation comes at China on New Year's, which is the only holiday observed throughout the length and breadth of the empire.

The Sunday-school celebration usually comes on Christmas eve and a delightful occasion it is. The banyan leaves make such full round festoons above the doors and windows, hanging down the sides; and then the Chinese lanterns, three in a window, are so effective as decorations when lighted that the place presents a bright scene. Sometimes there is a Christmas tree and sometimes not; but in any case the recitations by the children, songs by different classes, possibly an instrumental solo by some girl in the boarding-school who has advanced farther than the other girls, and last, but by no means least, the address of the Chinese pastor, who has never learned how to delight an audience by making a short speech when a long one was dreaded—all these make an entertaining program. As the pastor finishes all rise (a mark of respect), just as they did when he began. When there is a tree it is bright with oranges, red bandannas, and very likely a card for each happy child. The red bandannas are particularly useful, as the children use them to fold around books going to school, or hymn book and Testament when going to church. At the close of the exercises the lanterns are taken down and given away, one to each person present—a souvenir of a very pleasant occasion (each lantern has the character *hok*—happiness— on it).

Early Christmas morning, about three or four o'clock, the missionaries are often surprised by a serenade from the boys and girls. Let no one think, however, that the boys and girls both serenade the same house at the same time, for that would never do, being quite contrary to Chinese custom, which Christian missionaries must respect if they would have any influence with the heathen around. It is very sweet to be awakened by the singing of Christmas carols on that day.

At the girls' boarding school, as well as at the other schools, a specially good dinner is usually provided, though one year the girls, of their own accord, asked that they have just their ordinary plain dinner, and the extra money be given for the new church we were then building. After the dinner, or later in the afternoon, the girls gather in the chapel for exercises appropriate to the day, and there receive the gifts sent by kind friends in America. Every girl has great pleasure in a doll; even the older ones seem to take great delight in possessing dolls, though they may be too old to play with them. Small face towels, bright bordered handkerchiefs, ribbons, picture books, etc., are most acceptable presents, and the friends who prepare the boxes would surely feel amply repaid for their time and pains could they only see how much pleasure is given.

From this happy scene one may go to a special supper prepared for the women of the woman's school. Next day may come the exercises and tree for the little ones at the orphanage—little ones who have been cast away by their natural parents because they were so unfortunte as to be born girls, but who have been adopted by Christian love and are being supported by warm-hearted women in America, while they are being trained for useful, helpful lives when they grow to womanhood. These little ones always have something new and entertaining for their friends, and we all enter heartily into their Christmas joys.

There are also the celebrations still to be held at the theological school, the hospital and the boys' school, each just as entertaining and longed for by the participants as any of the others. Then there are the day-school scholars, who look for something to mark the birthday of our Savior, and the Bible-women, visiting from house to house, telling the "old, old story" to those who know it not who should not be forgotten. It may be only a very little thing, but the loving thought of a Christian heart cannot go forth without some one being happier for it, and thus the peace and joy of Christmas-tide is more widely felt.

In places where the work is newer Christmas is more quietly celebrated. Sometimes I have known a missionary family to go to some place fifty or one hundred miles away from the large center, that the Christians there might spend a brighter Christmas because of their coming. Since there are these bright spots in China where Christmas is heartily celebrated, let us rejoice, and as we enjoy the peace and happiness of the glad season, shall we not resolve to put forth larger efforts for the parts of the earth where the true Light has never shined?

Berkeley, December 17, 1901.

Christmas Hymn.

BY MRS. BRIDELLE WASHBURN.

Upon the ear there falls a merry chime
Of bells, harmonious with rhythmic sound,
That comes to us today from every clime,
With the glad tidings of a Savior found.
What peace and joy, what happiness and hope
Upon this day, came to this dark, old earth,
Where nations long in sin's dark night did grope,
Until the blessed dawn of Jesus' birth.

Well may the bells ring out in joyous sound,
And songs of gladness fill the sky and earth,
Until the jeweled walls of heaven resound
With the glad tidings of a Savior's birth.
Through all the ages Reason's search, profound,
Had failed a hope immortal to disclose,
Until, upon the quickened ear the sound,
"Peace upon earth, good will to men," arose.

'Twas angels' voices brought the message grand,
That filled with glorious cadence earth and sky;
A softened radiance shone upon the land
As Christ, descending, brought the heavens nigh;
And mighty Spirit-power, o'er desert sand,
Led forth the wise men to His manger low.
And Gabriel came forth, with lamp in hand,
To guide them on through toilsome journey slow.

Why all this retinue from heaven sent
To usher in one of such lowly birth?
Ah! none but God knew what the message meant
That came this day to our sin-darkened earth;
What bow of promise rested on the cloud
Of superstition, dark, that kept concealed
The truth, which scarcely yet we speak aloud,
The mystery strange, the birth of Christ revealed.

God in the flesh! Oh, would some mighty hand
Write in its fullness all this means to man,
And herald it abroad through all the land,
In words not spoken since the world began;
That we might feel once more the touch divine
Thrill through this flesh, so gross and marred by sin;
Then in the East a brighter star would shine,
And Christ's millennium be ushered in.

Lincoln, Cal.

The Happy Christmas.

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings—peace, good-will!
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.

The Sermon on the Mount is just as truly doctrinal as the Epistle to the Romans.

The man who cannot put the steam on the brakes as well as on the drivers, will have trouble.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—Three persons were welcomed to the fellowship last Sunday. This makes the total for the year 38, of which number 21 have come on confession.

San Francisco, Park.—The pulpit was occupied Sunday morning and evening by Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga. Arrangements will be made for the regular supply of the pulpit, and a pastor secured as soon as possible.

Southern California.

Perris.—Rev. H. P. Case, Sunday-school Superintendent, was with us recently and conducted a Sunday-school institute, which was very beneficial and much enjoyed. The pastor, G. F. Mathes, is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Practical Questions." The theme of last Sunday's sermon was, "The Claims of the Christian Religion," or "Reasons Why I Am a Christian." These sermons are practical and highly appreciated.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—The Pico Heights church held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, December 19th. Officers were elected and the reports indicated great progress in all the departments of church work. Thirty-five additions were made during the year, and the pastor's salary increased $200. Special meetings were held under the leadership of Rev. J. B. Orr, with good results. Mr. Orr is evidently called of God to do the work of an evangelist among our churches. A young man of magnetic presence, scholarly and spiritually-minded, he makes friends wherever he labors and proves a great help to pastor and people in building up the kingdom of God on earth. His masterly expositions of the Sermon on the Mount made a profound impression upon our people and incited men to righteous living. Brother Orr has a message and is as fearless as he is eloquent in its delivery.

Los Angeles.—The Los Angeles Congregational Union celebrated Forefathers' Day at the First Congregational church. About four hundred persons sat down at tables so bountifully laden with good things prepared by the ladies of the church that spirits of the Pilgrim Fathers, if any looked in upon the scene, would have opened their eyes wide with astonishment and thanked God most fervently for the temporal blessings poured out upon their posterity. The room and tables were appropriately decorated with the flowers of the season, and pictures commemorative of the Pilgrims looked down from the walls. These things, however, were only introductory to the real feast of the evening—the address by President Gates of Pomona College, on "The Pilgrim Spirit in the West." He lead his hearers along the historic movement of the Pilgrim spirit in our national life in its several steps—God, right, love, liberty, unity. The occasion was one most favorable for the introduction of President Gates to the churches of Los Angeles, and was so improved by him as to deepen the impression that he is among us as a God-sent messenger for good to Southern California.

The well of salvation which is turned inside out for display will not hold many refreshing draughts.

Salvation is not only to be relieved of our faults, but to receive God's forces.

There is too much borrowing of the cruse which goes for bearing the Cross.

Annual Report First Congregational Church of San Francisco for 1901.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

The year 1901 has been a year of marked progress, prosperity and peace in the parish of the First Congregational church of San Francisco. It is more than probable that no one year in the history of this church of more than fifty years will compare with it in spiritual as well as material prosperity. The church is alive in all its branches of work. The large addition to its roll of members means much more than simple addition. It contains live wide-awake Christian men and women who have come to work and do service for the Master. There have been no special or revival services held, but the atmosphere has been one of revival in the true spiritual sense from the beginning of the year until now. The pastor has preached gospel sermons that have reached the hearts of the people—for the people are hungering for the gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. The congregations have grown larger and both morning and evening the house has been well filled with more men than women in the pews—on the average.

The mid-week meetings are full of spiritual life and help. The attendance has increased during the year and souls have been born into new life.

The parish committees have been efficient and faithful—bringing help, comfort, and peace to many. The poor have been remembered, the sick visited and comforted, and souls seeking light have been led to Christ, the Savior.

The Sunday-school is growing in numbers with a live superintendent and an active board of officers and teachers. The superintendent and his helpers are inspiring all with the fact that the Sunday-school is the true nursery of the church—from which cometh help for the church of the future.

The Christian Endeavor Society has become a model organization. Its growth has been constant; its spirituality increasing. Large additions have come to the church from the Christian Endeavor and Sunday-school. The young people have become a power for good.

The Ladies' Missionary Societies are well organized and doing excellent work. The Ladies' Aid has taken a new lease of life and promises better work for the coming season than ever before. They meet every two weeks and at the noon hour serve lunch, to which they invite their friends.

During the year the church has voted to support two missionaries in the foreign field—Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson. The money for their support has been pledged. Contributions to other missionary work have not been lessened, but increased.

Aid has been given generously to some of the younger churches; among them may be mentioned Sunset and Pierce. One of our devoted young men, Arthur Skillicom, has been chosen Superintendent of Pierce Street Sunday-school, and is doing heroic work. He is visiting the families, going from house to house.

We often speak of the miraculous and marvelous. If there has ever been a miracle during the last centuries, it can be clearly seen and demonstrated in resurrection of the First church of San Francisco from its condition of five years ago. I only allude to it in passing, for you know much of history that I do not desire to reopen or relate. God has spoken! The prayers of the faithful has been answered. The All-wise Father has brought baptism of blessing upon the church and people. The devoted, faithful pastor rejoices with the loving disciples.

The number of additions to the church have been

117—55 by confession, 62 by letter; 52 males, 65 females. There have been 13 adult baptisms and 9 infant baptisms.

All audiences and prayer-meetings are counted. Morning audiences average 98 larger than for 1900; evening audiences 110 larger. Prayer-meetings average 16 more. The Endeavor Society have from 125 to 150 every Sunday evening. Nearly all attend the evening preaching service.

There has been the payment of a $10,000 mortgage. There is no deficit of $2,000 to make up, but money in the treasury. Benevolent contributions have been about $18,000. The total cash contributions of the church and society for all purposes this year will be about $40,000.

Santa Claus Is Coming.

JENNIE E READING.

Old Santa Claus is coming,
I hear his sleigh-bells ring;
He's coming down the chimney
With lots, and lots of things.

He has such beautiful presents
For good little girls and boys;
He has drums, and carts, and dollies,
And all sorts of lovely toys.

He comes 'cause it was Christmas
That Christ our Savior lay,
A baby in the manger,
On a bed of coarse, rough hay.

And Christ had Christmas presents
Of myrrh, and treasures of gold;
That were given him by the shepherds,
When a babe, in the days of old.

But God gave us a gift, Christ Jesus,
Who helps us be true and good;
He gives to us presents of patience,
And of kind, loving, honest manhood.

And when God took Christ Jesus
Back to his home above,
He left dear, dear old Santa Claus,
To give us gifts of love.

So Santa Claus brings us the presents
That are always like the best;
But we must be "Santas" to others
If we would be happy and blest.

Santa Rosa.

The Indian Legend of Arch Rock.

Before the coming of even the French explorers to the country surrounding the great lakes, the Indians had many poetic legends concerning the far-famed Arch Rock, which is situated on the eastern shore of Mackinac Island.

This island lies at the meeting of Lakes Michigan and Huron. It measures three miles from east to west and two miles from north to south. The crescent-shaped harbor on the southern shore, round which the village now nestles, was also the harbor of the Indians in the olden time.

Notwithstanding the present popularity of the island as a summer resort, much of its natural beauty remains unchanged. There are still the perpendicular walls rising from the water and marked with white bluffs and cliffs. Forests of pine, fir, maple, beech, birch, cedar, spruce and tamarack still cover much of the island. The sunny hills east of the harbor are still covered with wild daisies, while in the forest blue gentians, "Indian pipes," ferns and wild roses grow in profusion. Best of all, round the "Fairy Isle" still stretches the water, sparkling azure in the sunlight, white-capped and gray in storm, or spreading out like a floor of molten silver under the light of a full moon.

Centuries ago the Indians claimed that this island was the favorite resting place of Michibou, a fabled deity, who was also called the Great One of the Waters. It was his first coming to Mackinac which was especially connected with Arch Rock.

He came in early summer, when the land was awakening to its full beauty. All night the canoe of Michibou had been on the waters, seeking for a place where he might make for himself a home. As the darkness gave place to the faint gray dawn, he suddenly commanded:

"To the Fairy Isle. In all this good country, my domain, there is nothing like it. There will Michibou find a resting place."

The oarsmen bent to their task. It took but a few minutes to reach the spot, for the canoe of Michibou passed over the lakes as swiftly as the wind. Just as the sun was painting the east with the tints of vermillion and gold, so dear to the Indians, the boat approached the land. It came from the east, and to the island, thrilling through all its length and breadth with joy at the honor about to be conferred upon it. It seemed as if Michibou and his followers came directly from the sun.

The canoe halted. There was a moment's silence. Then came a crash so terrific that the warriors following the game in the far-away forests fell upon their faces in awe.

From the side of the island a huge mass of rock had split away and fallen into the water. This mass had not extended to the top of the bluff, and it's fall left a great arch, through which Michibou, the Manitou of the lakes, could pass as through a gateway.

Michibou understood the honor shown him by the island. Passing from the boat to the shore, he waved back his oarsmen.

"It is Michibou's gateway," he said, pointing upward. "Wait here while he goes to his home."

With stately steps the Manitou passed through the opening and ascended the hill. He strode along the path arched by the overhanging trees. The birds sang their sweetest songs to him, the fragrance of the fir and balsam caressed his cheek, all Mackinac gave Michibou welcome.

His steps were guided unerringly. At the huge rock now known as "Sugar Loaf" he paused. This should be his lodge, the place where he would rest when weary with his labors.

Michibou's Gateway, or Arch Rock, is annually visited by many tourists. It still towers one hundred and forty feet above the water's edge.—Hope Daring, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

The one secret worth knowing is that of a long and a happy life. Temperance in all things tends to length of days. But it is only half the prescription. Cheerfulness is essential. Thankfulness, a kind, forgiving spirit, and useful work will furnish that. Idleness will not cure low spirits. Dissipation, like drunkenness, is a kind of sleep or delirium which has a rude awakening. Petty triumphs leave no joy. Harsh words leave a sting in the heart that conceived them. No one ever wounds another intentionally without wounding himself more. Boisterous mirth is not true cheerfulness. When real Christians are celebrating Thanksgiving in a Christian way you may expect to find them cheerful for many a day afterward, in the recollection; but when, as many do, the holiday is turned into an opportunity for vicious indulgence, only pain, wretchedness and sickness can follow. As people will not take the simple prescription for long life that the old gentleman gave his friends, so few will take the simple prescriptions for happiness. They seek it and it flees from them, while those who seek to be kind, good, true, and helpful find happiness springing up like flowers in their pathway.—The Christian Advocate.

The Address of President Andrews.

By Rev. William Rader.

The address of the President of the University of Nebraska and ex-President of Brown University, before the Congregational club on Monday evening was a notable utterance of a characteristic American. President Andrews belongs to the brainy class of leaders who have convictions, and who utter them without fear or favor. The address was a masterpiece of clear thinking and lucid expression. It dealt with current problems and possessed a refreshing modern spirit. While not prepared for a Forefathers' anniversary, its fitness was apparent, and its theme timely. The message on such a day should be to the children and heirs of the Pilgrim Fathers, rather than about these illustrious ancestors. It has been a long time since the members of the Congregational club listened to such a free and frank handling of present day problems—problems which the Puritan spirit must solve.

The speaker's diagnosis of the body politic, his searching analysis of so-called perils, disclosed real obstacles to the peace and progress of the Republic, but he met the results of his criticisms with a noble optimism based upon a profound faith in the mandates of the people and a sure confidence in truth and God. President Andrews does not believe the world is going to the dogs, or that the earth is about to cave in, or that the nation is about to come to an end. Two great clouds in the national heavens he examined with courage and insight; viz., imperialism and trusts. Whatever might be the personal opinion of some of his hearers upon these problems, the speaker's attitude of mind gave the assurance of hope and confidence. He did not hesitate to urge missionary enthusiasm in the conquering of other races and nations, at first hand by democracy, rather that than wait until these peoples shall first be discipled by monarchical forms of government. He believes the constitution should follow the flag—if not logically, and in the nature of things, then by the vote of the people. This he believed to be in harmony with the economy of our government, and with the best legal opinion of the country.

One might expect to hear from a man who has been dethroned from the presidency of Brown University for views on the silver question, and whose views on certain economic and political questions have been in such accord with Mr. Bryan, sentiments against imperialism. Certainly he does not represent the Bryan faction of the Democratic party in these opinions. Neither is he a jingo. Rather is he a cautious expansionist in the sense that McKinley was and Roosevelt is. At any rate, he does not see the nation's grave in so-called imperialism. His solution of the trust question is in harmony with the recommendation of President Roosevelt's message, which declares for a governmental regulation with a view of giving publicity to facts and conditions.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of his address was his emphasis upon the need of a more vital interest in political and economic affairs by men of wealth and influence. His description of Seth Low, whom he called the strongest man in American politics and of President Roosevelt, in whose honesty the nation has the fullest confidence, and of Judge Jerome, whose speeches in the New York campaign were like the fiery words of a prophet, will not soon be forgotten.

It was good to hear this voice from the East. It was a voice of patriotism, and of Christian citizenship. We have all been doing more or less croaking, and the voice of Cassandra is heard in the land. Croaking never builds up, but pulls down. A frog can croak. The frogs have been heard altogether too much in the press, on the platform and in the pulpit. There is always room for objections, criticisms and fault-finding, and we ought to speak our minds on these things. It is by agitation that the ocean keeps pure. But the lesson President Andrews taught is the old one of patience, the need of waiting, of clinging to the paddle of holding on. The world's redemption will not came as the mushroom, but by stress and struggle. Let us try to do the work of the world in the conditions of the present, with all our might. This is the task of the children of the Puritans, and this was the message of President Andrews to the Congregational Club.

Forefathers' Day at Spokane, Washington.

It was an enthusiastic company of Congregationalists that celebrated Forefathers' Day, Wednesday evening, December 18, 1901, at Westminster church, Spokane. The event was a union celebration, under the auspices of the Spokane Congregational Club and the Westminster Church Men's Club. More than two hundred people were seated at the banquet. The address of welcome was given by Mr. C. H. Weeks, President of the Westminster Church Men's Club.

The two principal toasts of the evening were: "The Pilgrim, a Citizen," by Rev. Frank T. Bayley, D.D., pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, Denver, Colo.; and "The Pilgrim, an Educator," by President S. B. L. Penrose, of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.

At the business meeting held after the banquet the Spokane Congregational Club decided to change its name to the Inland Empire Congregational Club. The new organization is to include all the Congregational churches in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

Rev. T. W. Walters of Pilgrim church presided. For officers of the new club, Senator H. D. Crow of Westminster church was chosen President and Dr. W. L. Hall of the Second church Secretary.

An Executive Committee, whose duty it shall also be to prepare a constitution for the new club, was named as follows: A. W. Doland, Westminster church; Rev. Clarence Ross Gale, Second church; A. W. Bower, Pilgrim church.

The Secretary was requested to secure at the earliest possible time the names of all who desire membership in the Inland Empire Congregational Club, as a directory is to be prepared when the list is complete.

W. L. Hall.

"The Cheer Book," by Amos R. Wells, is one of the best books of the year. It contains a verse or a prose selection for each day of the year, just the thing to bring cheer to your own life or the life of a friend every day during the coming year. The Revell Company of Chicago publish it for $1, net.

Rev. Alfred W. Hare, pastor of Oak Chapel, Oakland, was admitted to the Bay Association at the last meeting. The scribe informs us that his name was unintentionally omitted from last week's report of the meeting.

The lives of others will be none the sweeter for your attempt to absorb all the sourness in the universe.

Forgiveness of sin is the first step; full freedom from it, the final one.

Earthly athletics will not suffice for the heavenly race.

Our Boys and Girls.

A New Year's Wish.

The new year comes with flying feet,
And bears upon its journey fleet
A million wishes dear and sweet.

From all this new year's precious store
Of wishes, as I scan them o'er,
I choose for thee but three—no more.

These three shall more than thousands prove,
For they shall draw thy heart above—
Their names are Service, Trust and Love.

Trust God, and trust will gain God's best;
Love God, and learn how love is blest;
Serve God, and find in service rest.

—Hope Harvey.

Ned's New Resolutions.

"I tell you what it is, Alice," said Ned Brown to his sister, "I am going to turn over a new leaf tonight, and make some new resolutions; and I'm going to keep them, too."

Alice looked up from her book with an incredulous little laugh.

"How?" she said. "As James gives up his pipe every year? He says to papa every New Year's morning: 'Faith, an' Mr. Brown, I've given up me poipe, fer good *this* time; I've trun it away.' Then when papa catches him with the same old pipe a few days later, he apologizes: 'Faith, Mr. Brown, I trun it away aisy, for I was afeard I'd nade it agen!'

"So it is with you, Ned. It's the same old resolutions every year, and you break them every time. I'd keep the copy and change the date every year. 'Twould save you trouble."

And Alice went on with her reading. Alice was fourteen and Ned twelve. On the added dignity of those two years' difference in their ages Alice assumed at times a very toplofty air toward Ned, which was very irritating. To her sarcastic but somewhat merited remark Ned made no reply, but, with flushed cheek, quietly proceeded to draw up his resolutions. The little preliminary tiff interested us in the matter and we looked over his shoulder. This is what we read:

I am going to try to do as near right as I can every day of my life.

I will always tell the truth.

I will never sneak out of anything disagreeable that I ought to do.

I will study hard while I am in school.

I will never read any trashy books.

I will play fair, and always take the part of any little fellow that is being stepped on.

I will try to be polite to everybody, and cheerfully obey my parents and teachers.

I will never forget that a boy must love work to make a successful man.

I will love goodness better than money, and try to follow the Golden Rule.

Lastly, and all the time, I will try to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, and ask God to help me.

Dec. 31, 1900. EDWARD BROWN.

When he had placed the last period, he rose quietly, went around to Alice's side of the table, and laid the sheet before her.

"There, Alice Brown," he cried, with a new ring in his voice, "*That* is *brand-new*, and I'll get somebody besides myself to help me keep it!"

Alice read it through, then she threw her arms impulsively around Ned's neck, and said, with a sob in her voice: "You dear old Ned, I'll never be mean to you again!"—K. G. Walker, in Epworth Herald.

A Dog that Carries Mail.

Of all the mail-carriers that Uncle Sam has in this big country none is more novel than a dog out in central Kansas, whose duty it is to meet a passenger train twice daily and take the heavy mail sack to his master's store.

The post office of Dayton is a little country trading-point and the single store is thirty rods from the Missouri Pacific track, where, morning and night, the passenger train goes whizzing past at thirty miles an hour.

From the mail car a leather sack is thrown off by the mail clerk and the postmaster, the owner of the big St. Bernard, "Nep," is supposed to pick it up and take it to the store. He used to do so, but now the duty devolves upon the dog, who has learned to do it well.

When the sharp whistle of the train is heard Nep gives an excited bark and hurries to the crossing and waits for the coming of the mail. The mail clerk kicks the leather bag out of the door and it falls somewhere in the vicinity of the road. Nep at once goes to the sack and carefully taking it by the middle, so that neither end will drag on the ground, walks sedately to the store, where he lays the sack down behind the counter by the side of the wooden letter-case into which the mail is soon distributed.

Day after day he performs this task, rain or shine. The mail clerk watches for him and the people of the community are as proud of him as they would be of a bright child.

Nep is four years old, but is two feet seven inches in height and weighs 250 pounds. He has no difficulty in carrying the sack, though the mail is often very heavy with the weekly papers from the county seat, for his teeth are strong and he has often carried over 100 pounds as a test for his strength.

He seems likely to perform the semi-official task for many years to come, and the people of his community think that he is entitled to a salary for his services.

The train men do not forget to throw off something nice for him to eat on holidays, but even though the gift is a toothsome bit of game or other meat, he never touches it until the mail of Uncle Sam is safe in the post office. —C. M. H.

Alfred's Prayer.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarreling, but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarreled dreadfully today."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, then God will give you victory. But He won't do the work for you."

"Oh, I understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able, by and by, to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—Kind Words.

God links us to himself that he may loose us from our sins.

In every receipt that calls for baking powder use "Royal." It will make the food of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

The Caterer.

Creamed Peaches.—Take canned peaches that were halved, heap whipped cream in the center of each half, and on the top have a butternut, or walnut meat, or a little jelly.

Baked Bananas.—Peel, cut in halves, put in a shallow baking pan. Melt a little butter in half a teacupful of water and pour over the bananas. Mix a little salt with any preferred spice, dust it evenly over the top, and bake brown in a quick oven.

Tongue Sandwiches.—Split long rolls in two; remove a little of the soft part and fill the cavity with minced tongue that has been seasoned with chopped pickle and celery; place a celery plume in each end of the roll and carefully replace the top.—The Delineator.

Salted Peanuts.—These are delicious, cheap, and it is a pleasant task to make them. Shell, pour boiling water over them, allow them to stand five or ten minutes. Then rub off the skins carefully, pour a little melted bitter over them, brown lightly and watchfully in the oven.

Holiday Cookies.—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of walnut meats slightly broken, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Use the least flour possible. Roll thin, sift sugar on top, cut out and bake a very light brown.

Spanish Stuffing for Turkey.—Chop a quarter of a pound of salt pork rather fine, mix it with one pint of bread- crumbs; add a tablespoonful of sage and half a pint of strained tomato, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of grated onion, and a saltspoonful of pepper. After this is thoroughly mixed work into it one pound of sausage meat. Stuff this into the turkey.

Flavor of Coffee.—A delicious flavor may be given to coffee by rubbing lumps of loaf sugar over orange or lemon rind. There is a great difference in the flavor of orange peel, and thick skins are usually more spicy. One lump of sugar rubbed on all sides will absorb considerable of the orange tang. A slice of lime added to the afternoon cup of tea gives a decided and very piquant flavor to that refreshing drink.

Boston Baked Beans.—The best bean to use is the pea bean, which is the smallest white bean that is grown. * * * Parboil them very slightly. Allow the water to come just to a boil, then take them off, drain them through a colander, and pour cold water over them, rinsing them thoroughly. This not only rinses all the water from them in which they have been boiled, but gives them an additional firmness, which tends to prevent their breaking while in the process of further cooking. Lay a thin slice of fat salt pork on the bottom of the bean-pot, and on this a small onion; pour in the beans. Have ready a piece of salt pork weighing about half a pound, the rind scored every quarter of an inch, and put it in the pot with the beans, arranging it so that the top shall be even with the top of the beans and the rest buried in them. Add one saltpsoonful of ground mustard, one heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar or two tablespoonsful of molasses—most people prefer this to sugar, but it is matter of taste—cover with cold water, set in a moderate oven, and bake from eight to ten hours slowly and steadily.—Woman's Home Companion.

A STAMP'S EXPERIENCE.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked,
Except once;
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk,
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin;
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-center. —Ohio State Journal.

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(The famous Blue Streak) will be sold by
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Who are also agents for Cleveland, Crescent and Snell Bicycles.
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Is a laconic definition of a toboggan ride. It's quick work going down the slide, but it's a long climb back to the starting point. It is very much that way with health; it is quickly lost and slowly regained. When the first symptoms of failing health appear, proper care may prevent the descent to utter weakness and debility. Usually the complication of disorders known as general debility has its origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. These diseases are perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures through the stomach disorders which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.

"I was all run down; had no strength; had sharp darting pains all through me; head and back ache every day," writes Mrs. Frank Caswell, of Salamanca, N. Y. "I was also troubled with a distressed feeling in the stomach and pain in front of the hip bones. I had a severe cough and it nearly killed me to draw a long breath, I was so sore through my lungs.

"I wrote to Dr. Pierce, telling my symptoms as near as I could. He sent me a very kind letter, advising me to try his medicines, which I did, and before I had taken them a week I was decidedly better. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and am sure I never felt better in my life than when I quit taking them."

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One concrete illustration is often worth more than an hour's logical and reasonable discourse in the abstract. The Lewistown, Me., Journal, tells how one man was converted to the temperance cause:

Before the great temperance agitation of 1844 practically every retail merchant in the county kept liquor for sale. In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, derived a considerable part of his income from the sale of rum.

The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly to the liquor traffic, had arisen in the town meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favor of the traffic went to one side of the town hall and those opposed to it to the other.

The respectable grocer referred to watched this process. Finally he rose and joined the opponents of the traffic.

"What are you over here for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

"No-"—

"Then that's your side over there."

The old grocer looked round angrily at the men on the other side, and replied, "You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red noses, do you?"

His view of his own customers, all in a bunch, had made a temperance man of him.

It would be a sorry world if God had left us out of his plans, the way we leave him out of ours.

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IN THE OTHER PLACE.

The "British Weekly" tells a Salvationist story. The other day some business men were traveling in a compartment in which was a Salvation Army lassie. One of the men tried to make a little fun of her. Among other things, he asked her if she thought Jonah felt very comfortable in the belly of the whale.

"I don't know," she said; "but I'll ask him by and by when I get to heaven."

"But suppose you don't find him there," said the man.

"O, then," said the lassie, "*you* can ask him."

SCOTTISH THRIFT.

A well-known conjurer one day visited a Scotch village. After performing many astonishing tricks, he asked for a half-penny, which a collier lent him. The conjurer said he would turn it into a sovereign. He did so, as the people thought, and handed it round for them to see. When it reached the collier he coolly pocketed it, and said to the astonished conjurer, "Will ye cheenge me anither?"—Tit-bits.

There is no capacity for God's joy in the heart until it has emptied itself on others.

One reason why Job did not get entirely in the dark was because he kept looking up.

There can never be a fat life on a lean soul.

Toil is the toll at the gate to success.

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